



Harvest

The roads in Fitz Gerald's orchard
link and wrap mazes through trees
lined in fruit-heavy halls.
I stand breathing wood and apples.

But faded music pulls me back
to the grand for failed piano lessons
in your morning-lit studio.

The sun's warmth combs aside twigs
to touch red and yellow on swollen apples,
while I recall fresh fallen flakes, white
silence tucked round root-twists and trunks.

A gust trills leaves on the drive to the house—
how long since this was your home?
And how long, since I lied a confession
to answer yours? You stared ice
at my words while I wished them back.

Silent, we sat with tea,
watching applewood, gnarled and shadowed,
dance in twisting wind.
The sting of that season has softened,
buried in apple-spiced earth.

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